

Tattersall's Club Magazine

The
OFFICIAL ORGAN
OF
TATTERSALL'S CLUB
SYDNEY.

Vol 10. No. 12. 1st February, 1938.



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TATTERSALL'S CLUB
SYDNEY

Established 1858

TATTERSALL'S CLUB MAGAZINE

The Official Organ of Tattersall's Club
157 Elizabeth Street
Sydney

Vol. 10

FEBRUARY 1.

No. 12.

Chairman:

W. W. HILL



Treasurer:

S. E. CHATTERTON



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J. HICKEY

G. MARLOW

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Secretary:

T. T. MANNING

TATTERSALL'S CLUB was established on the 14th May, 1858, and is the leading sporting and social Club in Australia.

The Club House is up-to-date and replete with every modern convenience for the comfort of members, while the Dining Room is famous for quality food and reasonable prices.

On the third floor is the only elevated Swimming Pool in Australia, which, from the point of view of utility and appearance, compares favourably with any indoor Pool in any Club in the World.

The Club conducts four days' racing each year at Randwick Racecourse, and its long association with the Turf may be judged from the fact that Tattersall's Club Cup was first run at Randwick on New Year's Day, 1868.

The Club's next Race Meeting will be held at Randwick on Saturday, 7th May, 1938.

The Club Man's Diary

Not only has Mr. J. M. Dunningham brought labor and industry to his role of Minister in Charge of the 150th Anniversary Celebrations, he has exercised tact and forbearance; betimes, displayed the judgment of a Solomon. He has been cool-headed and clear-sighted in all difficulties.

Those are not my words, but the tribute of men who should know.

* * *

The chairman of Tattersall's Club (Mr. W. W. Hill) is director of entertainment in connection with the Empire Games, and hon. secretary is Mr. F. J. Carberry, a member of this Club.

* * *

All official visitors to the 150th Birthday Celebrations, senior officers of the visiting warships, and managers of the visiting Empire Games Teams have been made honorary members of the Club.

* * *

They call the mystic something "atmosphere" that hangs about a person and enables us in some degree to sense whether he be familiar to the setting, or whether he came out of a strange territory. That is why, even among Australians, some say it is possible to distinguish the Sydneysider from the Melbournean, and both from the Brisbaneite or the Adelaidean. Each has an air—an "atmosphere."

Some go so far as to claim that it betrays even a man's suburb and, without getting down to the science of selection, enables a close student to discern at a glance that the Minister in Charge of the 150th Celebrations is native to the glamorous Eastern Suburbs, while I am innured to the more sedate Western environs.

Some day I may undertake a classification of the domino players on that basis—although that shouldn't be regarded as a hostile move. But I don't wish to introduce the suburban issue.

This is more or less discursive; a prelude to something much more substantial in the rating of news values.

When Tattersall's Club entertained Empire Games managers and athletes at a smoke concert, Mr. Bill Latham intrigued me most of all, atmospherically. Although he sported the South African blazer—that team of friendly invaders, bringing to us again the sporting kinship of the peerless Rugby Union Springboks—I kept saying to myself: "Bet that fellow is an Aussie." Indeed, I



Hon. J. M. Dunningham, M.L.A.,
Minister in Charge, Australia's 150th
Anniversary Celebrations.

had decided to go across and test my surmise when the chairman of Tattersall's Club (Mr. W. W. Hill) beckoned me and said, remembering my native State in the old Rugby Union days: "Come, I'll introduce you to a fellow Queenslander."

That the fellow Queenslander happened to be Bill Latham was no surprise. We proved to be both natives of Brisbane, and, when he mentioned Musgrove Road, there was a stirring of boyhood recollections that kept us engrossed for some time. "Well," I said, "it is still there and, so far as I am concerned, is still paved with gold—the gold of the old days whose lustre may never shine round us again.

"Why don't you go back to Brisbane—together?" Mr. Hill suggested. It was a bright, sentimental thought; but Bill Latham has his team, and I had my job. Besides, it was better, maybe, to live with the illusion of a road paved with gold; a thing of memory, rather than be awakened to the reality of a modern, tar-touched-up thoroughfare, even if it be as good as all that. In Bill's days and mine you could pick from the road gibbers big enough to shy at unoffending Chinamen.

The girl athletes were not overlooked. They were entertained in the Club by the wives of committeemen. But we men must pay our tribute, too:

*Gentlemen, be upstanding, fill your glasses,
One and all. I have a pleasant duty—
A tribute true, which everybody classes
The toast of toasts. Gentlemen—
"To Beauty!"*

Another meeting unexpected and providing a surprise quite as pleasant, was that with Les Duff, manager of an Australian Olympic team in other years, and a stalwart of amateur swimming. During his ten years' absence from Sydney, he told me that he had seen a good deal of Australia, as the business representative of a big firm. "The life agreed with you," I said. "You do not look a day older." Others made the same comment and asked for the recipe. Les didn't hesitate: "Don't worry."

"The man who could weather a depression without worry is indeed, fortunate," we all suggested.

"Oh, I've had worry like everybody else, at times," Les put in. "What I mean to say is that I haven't let worry worry me. Up against the worst, no man can do more than his best. Worry doesn't help."

I recall, in the midst of the depression, visiting a managing director of a big city concern. On the wall in his room was this framed motto: "Work never killed any man. Worry is the rust on the blade."

Anyone who can feel that way about life in general is a millionaire.

When the manager of the Canadian team (Mr. Robinson) advanced to the dais to respond to the toast of welcome, proposed by the Club's chairman, a fellow scribe whispered: "In his own country, that man is a news editor,—but he belies his occupation."

It's just a joke about the executive in every newspaper office who allocates the work, overwhelms you with memos, and, often, calls you back to take a long-distance call over the 'phone as you prepare to slink out for a drink. The humor applies also to the Chief Sub-Editor; but every member of the staff realises that those officers are rubbing up against "the rust on the blade" daily, almost hourly. I know, having acted as News Editor and having been Chief Sub-Editor.

However, be it said that Mr. Robinson revealed unexpected humour, a lyrical lightheartedness, for one of the newspaper tribe broken from his captors. Possibly he regarded the role of manager as a sort of permanent parole. Quite hilariously he proclaimed, this unfettered News Editor: "Next time I come there will be no athletes. Indeed, I suggest that managers live here indefinitely. We might even bring the sub-managers, too. I was going to suggest also the winners, but that would savor too much of making a Canadian preserve of it."

Captain Evan Hunter, manager of the English Team, recalled a happy previous visit, and his good fortune in having been allotted a job to instruct Australian girl athletes. He didn't say whether, as a result, the fair ones became any faster.

A jolly fine lot of fellows were the members of the Ceylon team, and they were particularly happy to meet Mr. Eddie Marks who had been five times to their country.

"I count it as a misfortune that I had not the honor to meet you," said the manager (Mr. Perera) with a touch of old-world courtesy. This highly-educated gentleman personified the spirit of amateur sport. It was a pleasure to make the

acquaintance of him and his charges.

"Some day, you may stage the British Empire Games in Ceylon," Mr. Marks suggested.

That seemed to give them the thrill of the evening.

What did the visitors think of the smoke concert? They liked its informality, so they said. Everybody was friendly. People strolled across and made them feel at home. And it was great to meet so many who had figured in amateur sport



Mr. L. S. Snider.

in the past. The chairman's open invitation to avail themselves of the Club's facilities was particularly appreciated.

I took on a problem when, for a modest wager, I undertook to select in sixteen players for the Australian cricket tour to England, a greater number than all the guile and experience of Mr. R. T. Kelly could anticipate. Thus, we awaited the official selection breathlessly. Mr. Kelly collected with a tally of 12, against my 11. This I rate as a sterling personal performance, as "R.T." had the advantage of communing with the spirits of Spofforth, the Bannermans, Harry Trott . . . and so on. But I'll get it back, and more, in the football season.

Mr. H. A. Clarke also paid to Mr. Kelly a small wager, the penalty of

his not finding in the 16 a place for White.

I have heard great discussions in the Club, particularly as to players who should not have been overlooked. Some truly remarkable teams have been chosen. The point to be remembered is that this is a cricket team, limited to 16, not an expeditionary force.

If anyone wants to bet on the worst joke on the selection cracked in the Club, here is my nomination:

First Member: I think several of the younger players will prove too big a handicap.

Second Member: Oh, I don't know. Waite for age.

* * *

We had a visit recently from Sir Charles Matheson, Commander of the Oronsay and Commodore of the Orient Line. He looks in now and again when he ties up in Sydney, and such a breezy personality is always welcome.

* * *

To the good wishes extended Mr. L. S. Snider, of Snider and Dean Theatres Pty. Ltd., ere he departs on a world tour, I wish cordially to add mine. Sam is a fellow of sterling worth, a sincere and staunch friend. He has got to the top in the motion picture business by sheer ability and fair dealing.

* * *

Mr. Rolfe Latimer director of Woolworths Ltd., was tendered a dinner in this Club by business associates prior to his leaving on a holiday tour abroad.

* * *

Congratulations to Mr. H. C. Steiner on his promotion to the post of Assistant Managing Director of the Goodyear Tyre and Rubber Co. (Aust.) Ltd., one of Australia's biggest business concerns.

* * *

Mr. J. H. Couch, one of Sydney's best-known dentists, and a member of this Club, died recently. We offer our condolences to members of his family in their great loss. He was widely known and as widely respected.

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HARBOUR STREET, SYDNEY.

The 1938 Empire Games

in Sydney this Month

For the first time in history, the Commonwealth has been entrusted with the conduct of the Empire Games which, in amateurism, rank second only to the Olympics.

The magnitude of the Games may best be gathered from the fact that close on five hundred contestants have gathered in Sydney from all points of the Empire. Never before has such a galaxy of talent been gathered in our midst, and it is certain many new records will be created.

Visitors to Our Club.

It has been the pleasure of your club's officials to entertain various distinguished visitors during their stay in Sydney, and our swimming pool, on the third floor, has proved an eye-opener to all who have seen or indulged in a swim in its waters.

It may come as a surprise to many to learn that the Empire Games came into being through an Australian.

The late Richard Coombes, for many years editor of the athletic section of "The Referee" sporting newspaper, was almost solely responsible for the introduction of what has proved to be a wonderful asset to our Empire—a means of joining together in friendly combat, the sportsmen spread over our King's Commonwealth of Nations.

An Unusual Concession.

When the late Sir Henry Parkes dedicated Centennial Park, Sydney, to the people of Australia as "a playground for ever," few imagined the day would come when the area would, by Government consent, be handed over for a cycle road race. That is precisely what has happened, and the 100-kilo road event (62 2/3 miles) will be contested in a series of fifteen laps round the bitumen roadway. Riders will cover a figure eight in that they will mount the hill towards Oxford St.,

ride outside the Park for about 300 yards, then wheel to the right down hill and cross the starting/finishing



C. B. Holmes, the English Sprinter.

line 15 times. They will traverse the established motor run, and the Park will be closed during the progress of the event.

Comprehensive Programme.

Practically every kind of athletics has been catered for on both land and water.

Most colourful personality is the lone Indian, Janki Dass, who arrived to take his place in cycling events. His coming was novel. It is customary for champions to land fully equipped for the task in hand. Not so Janki, whose luggage contained but handlebars and saddle! Another point of interest is that whereas other countries have sent specialists for the various events, Dass will start in the lot, and, in this regard, is envied by other competitors.

It would be futile to attempt anything like a comprehensive record of competitors. They come from England, South Africa, India, West Indies, New Zealand, Canada, Ireland, Wales, and Australia. Keeping track is well nigh impossible.

Venues for contests will be:—

Sydney Cricket Ground (Track and Field Athletics).

Saturday February 5th
Monday February 7th
Thursday February 10th
Saturday February 12th

North Sydney Olympic Pool (Swimming).

Saturday February 5th
Monday February 7th
Wednesday February 9th
Friday February 11th

Nepean River (Rowing)

Wednesday February 9th

Rushcutter Bay Stadium (Boxing and Wrestling).

Monday February 7th
Thursday February 10th

Henson Park (Cycling).

Tuesday February 8th

Centennial Park (Cycling).

Saturday February 12th

Waverley Club (Bowls).

Monday February 7th
Tuesday February 8th
Wednesday February 9th



From a design by Ferdy Hormmeyer.

Capstan Clock Series

HANOVER, Germany, is famous on account of its old historical associations with England . . . but here also lies a wealth of romance—the mediæval and the modern, side by side. The architecture of many a beautiful old timbered house, reminiscent of the Middle Ages, contrasts with the busy life of the modern city.

Here, too, are several mediæval churches, under the altar of one of which lies the remains of George I of England, who died at Hanover in 1727. The church illustrated here, with its clocktower, is a feature of the city.

Scenes like this so often prompt us with the desire to spend a restful hour with some volume that will transport us to distant lands . . . and then comes the thought—almost automatic—"Time for a Capstan."

TIME FOR A CAPSTAN

Special MILD – MEDIUM or FULL

Take Your Profits from Defeat

Condensed from "The Forum"

If there is any single factor that makes for success in living, it is the ability to draw dividends from defeat. Every success I know has been reached because the person was able to analyse defeat and actually profit by it in his next undertaking. If you confuse defeat with failure, then you are doomed indeed to failure. For it isn't defeat that makes you fail; it is your own refusal to see in defeat the guide and incentive to success.

Defeats are nothing to be ashamed of. They are routine incidents in the life of every man who achieves. But defeat is a dead loss unless you do face it without humiliation, analyse it and learn why you failed to make your objective. If you look upon defeat in the light of a friendly tipster, it ceases to be mortifying, and the task of analysing its causes within yourself becomes both interesting and profitable.

Defeat, in other words, can help to cure its own cause. Hiram Kimball, a middle-aged New Englander, inherited his uncle's bookshop, which had been modestly successful for more than 20 years. Fired with ambition to modernise and expand the business, Hiram leased a new corner, put in a larger stock, advertised extensively and doubled his overhead. A couple of years later he was bankrupt.

Defeat left Kimball with the first-hand experience he had previously lacked and a lot of second-hand books the receivers had been unable to sell. He put defeat to work. He built a shack with his own hands on a much travelled highway and spread his old books all over the place invitingly. Results came with surprising promptness. Second-hand books, as Hiram well knew, are gateways to mental adventure, which few passers-by can refrain from exploring. In three seasons he made twice the money he had lost. His defeat equipped him for a satisfying and original success.

Not only does defeat prepare us for success, but nothing can arouse within us such a compelling desire to succeed. The desire to dominate is the first of four primary emotions to appear. If you let a baby grasp a rod and try to pull it away he will cling more and more tightly until his whole weight is suspended. It is this same reaction which should give you new and greater strength every time you are defeated. If you exploit the power which defeat gives, you can accomplish with it far more than you are capable of when all is serene.

John Paul Jones stood on the shot-torn deck of the *Bon Homme Richard*. The *Alliance* had deserted him. He was raked fore and aft by cruel fire from British men-o'-war. The *Richard* began to sink. John Paul was a beaten man. But when the British commander asked Jones to surrender, a fighting fury of defeat suddenly boiled over in the American. Said he, "I have not yet begun to fight." He rammed his waterlogged ship against the nearest British vessel, grappled and boarded her, and in no time at all the fight was over. From the bitterness of defeat, John Paul Jones drew a conqueror's spirit which assured him victory.

Heroes are often made in moments of defeat. Theodore Roosevelt, who insisted on finishing a political speech after a would-be assassin had pumped a revolver bullet into his breast, got that way by virtue of a good licking he took as a terrified boy. T. R. made up his exceedingly dominant mind that he would learn to box, to shoot, to play tough games with the best of them and to give more than he received. He carried out his resolution because he had the impetus of defeat behind him.

Once you have analysed defeat, you perceive a specific obstacle to climb over instead of a vague, terrifying bogeyman of imagined inferiority which is likely to leap upon

you at every step of your next effort.

I know a man who suffered very unpleasant consequences from a love affair. The experience conditioned his whole life; it induced in him a fear of women which expresses itself in running away or turning in upon himself when they are present. To everybody but himself this fellow's phobia is amusing. But for him it is real and painful. Instead of facing his love defeat, analysing its real causes and taking profits in future relationships, he is beaten by one reverse.

It will pay you to search your own behaviour for stupidities of this type and get rid of them. There are people who have lost their jobs who are afraid to ask for work; people rebuffed when they sought a rise who are afraid now to speak to the boss; mothers whose children almost drowned who will not permit them to go into the water to learn to swim. Any fear of defeat which you do not possess will impress you as ridiculous. But the chances are you have a pet defeat of your own from which you run away with equal unreasonableness.

People try in many ways to disguise the fact that they are running away. The simplest trick is to tell yourself that you are not defeated, that you are making satisfactory progress when, as a matter of fact, you are completely blocked. I know a man who tries to keep his self-confidence by continually telling himself and his friends that he is about to get a promotion. His underconsciousness isn't fooled; he knows well enough that he long ago reached the limit of advancement in his present position. Actually he is losing confidence in himself with every pathetic attempt to cover up defeat.

Another trick some people play on themselves is to "forget" their

(Continued on Page 20.)



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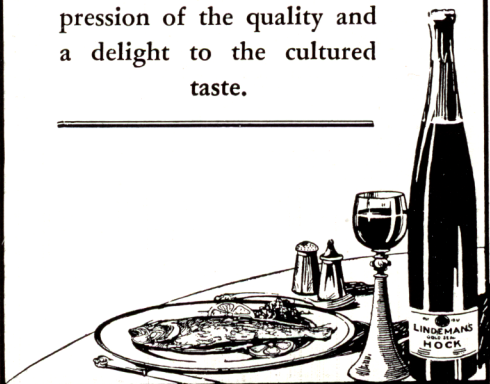
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Sportsmanship De Luxe

Condensed from "West Point To-day"

Kendall Banning.

Once a year the West Point hockey team stages, in collaboration with the hockey team of the Royal Military College of Canada, a demonstration of sportsmanship and international amity that is like a peek into the millennium.

When the 16 scarlet-clad cadet hockey players from Canada arrive at West Point for their game, they are met by the 16 grey-clad members of the West Point squad. They immediately pair off according to the positions they play on the team: the goalie of the home team draws the goalie of the visiting team, and so on. From that moment each West Pointer becomes the inseparable host of the cadet who is his personal opponent on the team.

Each host escorts his guest to his own quarters and assigns to him the bed and the locker vacated for the occasion by the obliging cadet "wife." Each guest accompanies his sponsor to classes and sits in the seat beside him during recitations; he occupies the chair next to his in the dining hall.

And as a special act of courtesy, the guests are accorded the privilege—reserved for the Canadian cadets alone—of leading the platoons into the mess hall.

When the West Point team plays at Kingston, these same courtesies are returned.

Neither West Point nor its Canadian counterpart extends leaves of absence to cadet rooters who want to accompany the home team on its out-of-town trips. Consequently, the West Point hosts divide themselves into two equal groups several days before the game is played, one group being delegated to root for the Canadian cadets. To carry out this purpose the pinch-hitters for the Canadian cadets rehearse the songs and yells of the Royal Military College with military zeal; and at the game it has become a point of honour for them to make even more noises and better noises, and to make them oftener than does the band of West Pointers across the rink. When the game is played in Kingston, the same procedure is followed, in reverse.

Altogether this hockey classic has become as colourful, as sporty and as improbable a game as can be found anywhere. Whichever corps acts as host at least has the satisfaction of knowing that half of its members have backed the winning team.

And the trophy? It remains in the possession of the team that has never won it. Its inscription states that the cup was put up February 23, 1923, by the Royal Military College of Canada, to be awarded



GOLF CLUB

FIXTURE LIST

1938.

February 17th—New South Wales
Golf Club, Stableford Par.

annually for possession during the year to the winner of the hockey game with West Point. Although the donors have won every contest since (with the exception of one memorable tie game), the cup has remained in the physical possession of the vanquished—which is in itself a commentary on the fine consideration which the rivals entertain for each other.

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Are Horses Gifted With Intelligence?

By A. Knight (Musket)

The question whether horses are gifted with intelligence is doubted by some, though not by all. One day, while in company with a trainer of several years standing, a horse, with a heavy load in a dray behind him, bolted up a hill at Randwick. "And they say horses have intelligence," sneered this trainer as he watched the mad career of the bolting horse. "Why, if he had any sense, he would wait till he had got to the top of the hill, and then bolted down the other side."

Horses are like humans—some have intelligence and some have little or none. Mrs. Helene Greenwood, wife of the late Mr. G. D. Greenwood, of Gloaming fame, once related some interesting stories regarding that phenomenal gelding. Here are some of them:—

"It is as common as it is exaggerated to say of any admired person, 'He is worth his weight in gold.' Of Gloaming, however, it may be said in sober truth that he has earned for his owner and for his breeder, Mr. E. E. D. Clarke, of Victoria, at least that amount.

"In Christchurch we do not think of him in terms of money. Though he has been such a money-maker, it is for his character and sense of humour that we all love him. Sense of humour? I can hear my readers scoff, and ask each and other where a writer's poetic license will lead next; but I think I can show you before we finish the distance, if my readers last so long, that the horse has intelligence far above the ordinary. I recently read somewhere that there are very divided opinions among experts on this

matter of horse sense. I maintain that the very use of the expression 'horse sense' indicates that for many generations thinking people have been struck with the ability of some horses at least to impress man with his powers of reasoning.

"Gloaming is a person. He has as



GLOAMING.

individual a character as possible. It would be dangerous to make a generalisation on horses, their habits and customs, and expect Gloaming to fall meekly into a given category. His likes and dislikes are strong; he displays both affection and hatred. In at least one instance I have known him to show a bored contempt. What else can this mean? Once we had a boy who looked after the old horse (oh, how he hates me to call him that, for he still feels as frisky as a two-year-old), and this lad was not gifted with the highest intelligence. He used to make mistakes which irritated the lordly gentleman whose valet he was, and at last we were forced by circumstances to let him go. He got another job, and some time afterwards happened to return to our stables on a visit. He went to

Gloaming's loose-box, and found the horse eating, his back turned to the visitor.

"'Ullo, Gloamin, ow's tricks?' the lad greeted cordially. At the sound of the voice, associated with so many annoyances, Gloaming looked round, his back ostentatiously turned to his unwelcome visitor. It was the method employed in the best equine circles of saying 'Not at home.'

"Many and many an hour I have talked to the dear old chap, who apparently listened with the deepest intelligence. He answers occasionally. I recall one occasion when his absurd, almost human, attitude made me and my husband laugh aloud. He has moods of not wanting to enter into human relationships, though his affection for four-footed friends is such as to make him a sort of 'clinging vine' among animals. On this particular occasion he was turned out in a paddock belonging to Mr. Mason, the trainer who has had him since the beginning of his career. We stopped our car when we caught sight of him in the middle of the paddock. My husband called out to him, but, instead of running up to pass the time of day, or take the apples without which we seldom visit him, he stood to gaze in the paddock, and called out something in reply we could not catch. Every day my husband called out he would reply, distant, reserved, but polite, as became a horse of breeding. What was going on in his queer mind we shall never know, but all he would vouchsafe to us that day was to 'speak when he was spoken to.'

"He is very fond of his present boy, Bill Adams. I don't know

whether it was before or after he won the Battle of Waterloo that he came to us, but in some field of glory or other Bill has learnt how to look after horses. Fond as he is of Bill, however, I am certain that Gloaming chuckles now and again over a trick he played the lad at Coogee. I can see a reminiscent twinkle come into his eye when he looks at Bill. It happened while Gloaming was having his sea-bath. Bill was in command. With dramatic suddenness the wicked old horse put his head between his forelegs, and next second Bill was doing a 'sitting-standing-falling dive,' and coming up spluttering with the surprise of it. Gloaming, having in this fashion vindicated his youth and revenged himself for some of the 'old horse' expressions he was forced to listen to, was content to proceed with his bath, having attended to Bill's.

"When you mention 'India' to Gloaming he gets restless. Thereby hangs a tale. He has heard of India, I believe, and has good reasons for not wanting to go there. Some time ago, when he had only just started to smash racing records, Mr. Gove, who negotiated the sale of The Monk for his brother in India on the day of the Caulfield Cup, and thereby unwittingly made racing history and havoc with the public simultaneously, was with us. A discussion was proceeding; it had reference to the sale of Gloaming, who at that time had won only £20,000. We had no fixed intention of selling him, but the matter was in a conversational stage. Gloaming was among those present and was the most interested listener. Presently talk ceased and the horse was led away.

"By George, there's something wrong with him,' someone exclaimed; and, sure enough, Gloaming was limping. It knocked all talk of sale on the head. Mr. Gove may not have felt very apprehensive of his prospective bargain, but we were satisfied that a horse with the wit to 'swing the lead' so cleverly and in so timely a fashion, must reap the reward of his brains. He had never limped before, and he has never limped since. Isn't that showing a decided sense of humour? We have proved that the old horse as-

sociates music with racing. He loves to come and look round the course and up to the grandstand while the band plays, and he waits for the signal to start. Sometimes we take him to the course when he is not going to race, so that he will not excite himself the moment he comes into the paddock. We are sure he knows race-days, perhaps because of the activity about the stable. He is excited until 12 o'clock comes, when he knows that racing is not for him that day. Immediately he sobers down and becomes normal, accepting the inevitable.

"Another thing. I am sure he knows he has won. Perhaps, having made such a habit of it, he takes winning for granted. Having never in his life come worse than second, he cannot know any of the pangs of disappointment the ordinary animal experiences when it is among the 'also-rans.' Much has been written about Gloaming's friendships. He abominates loneliness, and has a gift for affection. He makes friends on his voyages, like many another traveller, only to lose them on arrival. He postpones the inevitable till the last moment, however, and is disconsolate at losing his companions. Being such a seasoned voyager, he is usually taken out first from the ship. Docilely he walks into his box, nonchalantly, settles himself for the hoist, and, with indifference, finds his land legs on the pier. But woe to him who leads him off without waiting for his pals. His docility disappears. He whinnies and turns his head, protesting to the universe that it isn't fair.

"When he was a three-year-old he had a bad experience at Wellington in starting in the Challenge Stakes. They were trying ropes at the barrier, instead of tapes, and, owing to carelessness, the horse got entangled in them and could not start. Indeed, his racing career might easily have been finished before it had really begun, for he ran grave danger of being strangled. He had then won a little less than £12,000. Six years passed before he was asked to race from that spot again.

"One ending to an Australian voyage recurs to me. He had had sensational duels with Beauford, victory alternately perching on his

and Beauford's banners. The New Zealand public were intensely and patriotically interested, and a crowd of over 2,000 met the boat on his arrival home. Gloaming was landed first, and led through the cheering people. He had travelled on that occasion with Cupidon, and was annoyed at not being allowed to say good-bye. He was aristocratically indifferent to the demonstration in his honour, but amused the crowd greatly by his shrill calls to his pal, and his everlasting turning and twisting to see if Cupidon was ashore. His language on that occasion was unprintable.

"I wonder if he thinks, at the end of his nine years of triumph, of the horses he has met, all of them with great names. They have all been in the very brief spotlight that falls upon winners, but where are most of them to-day? Poitrel, Cetigne, Kennaquhair, Wolaroi, Greenstead, Sasanof, Finland, Desert Gold, Beauford. Fine horses, darlings of the public for a short year or so. No wonder we feel so proud of our Gloaming, who can still meet the finest and give a good account of himself. Of what other horse can it be said, as of Gloaming, that he was absolutely stopped, while the leader gained 20 lengths, and, despite that heart-breaking handicap, that he ran into second place, breaking the record for the distance, the winner, Razzle Dazzle, breaking it also? He has been described by competent men as one of the speediest horses on record.

"Can anyone wonder that his appearance on a racecourse is the signal for an outburst of enthusiastic admiration such as no horse can boast of? He loves applause like any actor. For him I say a greeting to the thousands of sporting, generous people who have shown such pride and interest in the champion of champions."

This was written of Gloaming on his only trip to Melbourne in 1924, when he defeated that good horse Whittier in the Melbourne Stakes. Mr. and Mrs. Greenwood had every reason to be proud of the gelding who had won 57 races in 67 starts, and, excepting for the time that he became entangled in the barrier, was never worse than second in his other starts.

Empire Games Swimming

Biddulph, Ryan and Oliver Look Australia's Big Hopes

Australia's greatest swimming contests, the British Empire Games Championships, on February 5, 9 and 11, with heats on February 7, 8, and 10, seem sure to return a crop of Australian records, but the big thing in which the man in the street is interested is how our lads and lasses will get on with the flower of the Empire.

Form is hard to gauge, and the local swimmers have the advantage of superior condition for the overseas teams have not had over long in which to get into proper "nick."

But, giving all that in, Australia will do particularly well if its swimmers get half a dozen victories out of the seventeen down for decision.

Our big hopes lie in the performances of Robin Biddulph, Noel Ryan, Percy Oliver, Evelyn

de Lacy, and Dorothy Green, but each of those brilliant performers has a hard task and will have to be a bit better than ever before to record wins.

It has been said that every British Empire Games record will be beaten before the end of the Games, but it is not generally known that there are actually only two that can be broken.

This is owing to the change in distances. Of the events held in Sydney, only two, 440 yards for men and a similar distance for women, have been held before. In

Canada and London the distances were, for example, 100 yards and 1,500 yards, whereas in Sydney the same class of events are over 110 and 1,650 yards.

Well, anyway, the records to be tilted at in Sydney are Noel Ryan's 5.3 for 440 yards and Phyllis Dewar's (Canada) 5.45 $\frac{3}{5}$ for 440 yards.

yards, 110 yards backstroke, 220 yards breaststroke or 440 yards, but, though he probably will not admit it, he is now in the veteran class.

The fact that he only had about twelve days in which to reach his best would be bound to tell against him, and it would be a wonderful performance if this many times holder of the American all round

championships downed the younger men.

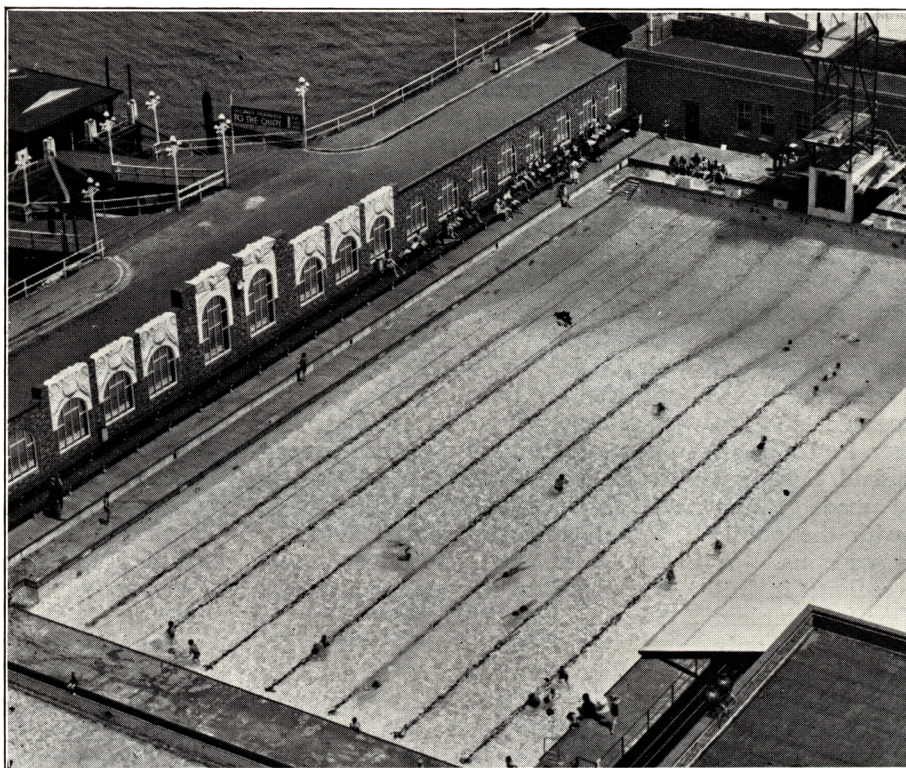
But let us look at the prospects in the different events as they appeared at time of writing, twelve days before the first carnival.

The 110 yards is sure to be a wonderful race, as is usual in all championships over this distance. Australia is represented by proved sprinters in Bob Wilshire, Bill Fleming (Q.), and Percy Oliver (W.A.). Not one of those men has

broken the minute for the distance, and form does not suggest that any of them will win unless some of the overseas men fall short of their best form, which, however, is on the cards.

Ffrench-Williams and Wainwright, of England, Spence, of Guiana, and George Burleigh, of Canada, holder of the Empire sprint title, appear to be the pick of the overseas men, and would probably beat our best.

Australia's chance comes in the 440 yards, in which Robin Biddulph, Noel Ryan and Bob New-



North Sydney Olympic Pool.

As for performers we know well, Robin Biddulph can easily beat Ryan's record, and Mona Leydon, of N.Z., has done 5.36 $\frac{3}{5}$; it seems certain that new figures will be on the list by the end of the Games.

One of the most famous personalities to compete at the Games is Walter Spence, representing British Guiana. If he were in the same form as when he represented Canada in the Olympic Games, or as when he was smashing records in U.S.A., it would be useless going past him for the winner of the 110

biggen are down to swim. Ryan won the 400 yards in Canada in 1930 and the 440 yards in London in 1934, and is very keen on making a hat-trick of it, but recent form suggests that he will play second fiddle to Biddulph, who is right at his top and has recent victories over Ryan.

Leivers and Wainwright, of England, are both capable of well under 5 minutes for 440 yards, and Pirie (Canada), close second to Ryan in 1934, and reported to have vastly improved since then, will be well in

the 800 yards relay in London, but our four, Fleming, Biddulph, Ryan and Newbiggen, should be able to knock a lot off that, and should take no end of beating in the 880 yards relay.

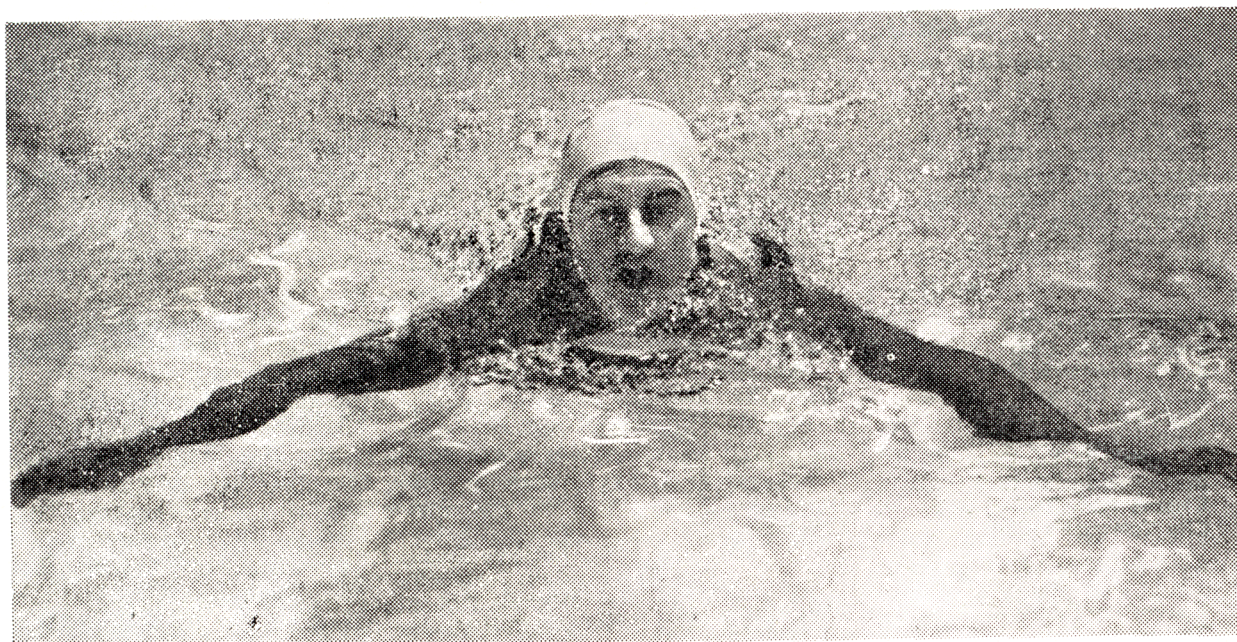
In the medley relay race over 300 yds. Canada won in 3.11 1/5 in 1934, and it might be too much to expect our trio, Oliver, Fleming and Hobbs, to beat Canada if that country does as well in the 330 yards medley.

In the women's events it cannot be said that our prospects are

Holmes of South Africa, Joyce Harrowby and Edna Hughes, of England.

Still Evelyn is a real tiger in a finish, and may do much better than anticipated.

Over 440 yards Dorothy Green may do well, but our girls appear safely held by that remarkably game young lady from New Zealand, Mona Leydon, whilst the title and record holder, Phyllis Dewar (Canada) should be in the money. Next to victory by one of our girls, a win by Miss Leydon



Miss Carla Gerke, 19-year-old South African Champion, at the North Sydney Olympic Pool.

the race, but we are optimistic enough to think that Biddulph will raise the Australian flag.

Much the same fields are down to contest the 1,650 yards, and here is Ryan's chance of making the long distance hat-trick, as he won over 1,500 yards in both 1930 and 1934.

If Percy Oliver can swim as well as when he put up his Australian 110 yards backstroke record of 68 3/5 secs., he will take beating in that event, but Kerr and Dewers, of Canada, and title-holder Francis, of Scotland, will be hard to beat. Still Oliver looks a great chance.

At 220 yards breaststroke, Percy Belvin, of Bermuda, looks the winner, and our men don't appear to have much chance.

The divers are hard to judge, but it will be surprising if the Australians get into the placings.

Canada swam 8.40 3/5 to win

bright, and our main hopes centre round the form of last season's sensation, Dorothy Green, of W.A., and Evelyn de Lacy, also of W.A.

Clare Dennis won the 200 yards breast stroke in 1934, but she is not a competitor this time, but has an interest in her pupil, Miss Thomas, who, with Misses Dovey and George, will represent Australia.

These girls are all improving, but, for one, Margery Hinton, of England, appears to hold them safely.

Australia's girl sprinters have not shown real class so far, but there's no knowing to what heights Dorothy Green will rise, though the longer distances suit her better. Evelyn de Lacy appears our best, but her record so far hardly classes her with Phyllis Dewar (Canada), winner of the 100 yards in 1934 in 63 secs, Mollie Ryde and Hazel

would be one of the most popular items of the meeting.

If Pat Norton could reach the backstroke form she displayed before the Berlin Olympiad she might be in the running, but it looks as if the English and Canadian girls will be far too good for our girls in this art.

In the diving, always hard events, about which to form an opinion, our girls, Irene Donnett, Pat Hunt and Lurline Hook should stand as good a chance as any.

Australia's quartette may not be good enough to fill a place in the 440 yards women's relay, and it will probably be the same story in the 330 yards medley relay.

To sum it all up Australia's best chances of success appear to be in the 440 and 1,650 yards, 110 yards back stroke, and 880 yards relay for men, and in the diving for women.

RACING FIXTURES FOR 1938

METROPOLITAN

FEBRUARY

Kensington Racing Club Wednesday, 2nd
 A.J.C. (Warwick Farm) Saturday, 5th
 Ascot Racing Club Wednesday, 9th
 Moorefield Racing Club Saturday, 12th
 Rosebery Racing Club Wednesday, 16th
 Canterbury Park Racing Club Saturday, 19th
 Victoria Park Racing Club Wednesday, 23rd
 Rosebery Racing Club Saturday, 26th

MARCH.

Kensington Racing Club Wednesday, 2nd
 Moorefield Racing Club Saturday, 5th
 Ascot Racing Club Wednesday, 9th
 A.J.C. (Warwick Farm) Saturday, 12th
 Rosebery Racing Club Wednesday, 16th
 Hawkesbury Racing Club Saturday, 19th
 Victoria Park Racing Club Wednesday, 23rd
 Rosehill Racing Club Saturday, 26th
 Kensington Racing Club Wednesday, 30th

APRIL.

Rosehill Racing Club Saturday, 2nd
 Ascot Racing Club Wednesday, 6th
 A.J.C. (Warwick Farm) Saturday, 9th
 Rosebery Racing Club Wednesday, 13th
 Australian Jockey Club Saturday, 16th
 Australian Jockey Club Monday, 18th
 Australian Jockey Club Wednesday, 20th
 Australian Jockey Club Saturday, 23rd
 Victoria Park Racing Club Wednesday, 27th
 City Tattersall's Club Saturday, 30th

MAY

Hawkesbury Racing Club Wednesday, 4th
 Tattersall's Club Saturday, 7th
 Canterbury Park Racing Club Wednesday, 11th
 Moorefield Racing Club Saturday, 14th
 Kensington Racing Club Wednesday, 18th
 A.J.C. (Warwick Farm) Saturday, 21st
 Rosehill Racing Club Wednesday, 25th
 Canterbury Park Racing Club Saturday, 28th

JUNE.

Ascot Racing Club Wednesday, 1st
 Australian Jockey Club Saturday, 4th
 Australian Jockey Club Monday, 6th
 Rosebery Racing Club Wednesday, 8th
 A.J.C. (Warwick Farm) Saturday, 11th
 Victoria Park Racing Club Wednesday, 15th
 Rosehill Racing Club Saturday, 18th
 Kensington Racing Club Wednesday, 22nd
 A.J.C. (Warwick Farm) Saturday, 25th
 Ascot Racing Club Wednesday, 29th

JULY.

Ascot Racing Club Saturday, 2nd
 Rosebery Racing Club Wednesday, 6th
 A.J.C. (Warwick Farm) Saturday, 9th
 Moorefield Racing Club Wednesday, 13th
 Canterbury Park Racing Club Saturday, 16th
 Victoria Park Racing Club Wednesday, 20th
 Kensington Racing Club Saturday, 23rd
 Kensington Racing Club Wednesday, 27th
 Moorefield Racing Club Saturday, 30th

AUGUST.

A.J.C. (Warwick Farm) Monday, 1st
 Ascot Racing Club Wednesday, 3rd
 Rosehill Racing Club Saturday, 6th
 Rosebery Racing Club Wednesday, 10th
 Moorefield Racing Club Saturday, 13th
 Victoria Park Racing Club Wednesday, 17th
 Victoria Park Racing Club Saturday, 20th
 Kensington Racing Club Wednesday, 24th
 A.J.C. (Warwick Farm) Saturday, 27th
 Ascot Racing Club Wednesday, 31st

SEPTEMBER.

Canterbury Park Racing Club Saturday, 3rd
 Rosebery Racing Club Wednesday, 7th
 Tattersall's Club Saturday, 10th
 Victoria Park Racing Club Wednesday, 14th
 Rosehill Racing Club Saturday, 17th
 Kensington Racing Club Wednesday, 21st
 Hawkesbury Racing Club Saturday, 24th
 Ascot Racing Club Wednesday, 28th

OCTOBER.

Australian Jockey Club Saturday, 1st
 Australian Jockey Club Monday, 3rd
 Australian Jockey Club Wednesday, 5th
 Australian Jockey Club Saturday, 8th
 Rosebery Racing Club Wednesday, 12th
 City Tattersall's Club Saturday, 15th
 Victoria Park Racing Club Wednesday, 19th
 A.J.C. (Warwick Farm) Saturday, 22nd
 Kensington Racing Club Wednesday, 26th
 Moorefield Racing Club Saturday, 29th

NOVEMBER.

Ascot Racing Club Wednesday, 2nd
 Rosehill Racing Club Saturday, 5th
 Rosebery Racing Club Wednesday, 9th
 Canterbury Park Racing Club Saturday, 12th
 Victoria Park Racing Club Wednesday, 16th
 A.J.C. (Warwick Farm) Saturday, 19th
 Kensington Racing Club Wednesday, 23rd
 Rosehill Racing Club Saturday, 26th
 Hawkesbury Racing Club Wednesday, 30th

DECEMBER.

Canterbury Park Racing Club Saturday, 3rd
 Ascot Racing Club Wednesday, 7th
 A.J.C. (Warwick Farm) Saturday, 10th
 Rosebery Racing Club Wednesday, 14th
 Rosehill Racing Club Saturday, 17th
 Victoria Park Racing Club Wednesday, 21st
 Australian Jockey Club Saturday, 24th
 Australian Jockey Club Monday, 26th
 Kensington Racing Club Tuesday, 27th
 Tattersall's Club Saturday, 31st

Pool Splashes

There's no doubt about it, the holidays worked wonders with the speed of the members of the Swimming Club.

The kind-hearted Secretary, thinking the boys would be wanting something soft after the festive season, put on easy races, but, far from showing any weakness, the lads turned the handicapper's hair grey by breaking their times in large quantities.

After two races the handicap sheet on the notice board looked like a pak-a-pu ticket with all the alterations made by the marks adjuster.

Jack Miller and Ivor Stanford are the big noises in the time-breaking festival, and we want to know where those boys put in their holiday training, for they have never swum better in their lives.

Miller has the fine record of a first, a tie for first, and a third in the last point score series, and Stanford, after missing the first race of the series, won the second, tied for first in the third, and is in the final of the fourth, with money being laid thick and heavy on him to win.

For all that, he won't be able to head Miller out of first place in the December-January Point Score, and we are handing a pat on the back to Jack, for he's been a trier for a long time after one of the trophies.

They haven't displaced George Goldie from the lead in the Dewar

Cup contest, and he has actually gained a bit since last issue, though the first three placings remain the same—Goldie, Godhard and Dexter. Murphy has improved from sixth to fourth place. Leading points are: G. Goldie 59½, C. Godhard 49½, J. Dexter 46, N. P. Murphy 42½, W. S. Edwards 42, N. Barrell 41, C. D. Tarrant 39½, S. Carroll 34½, A. S. Block 32, L. Hermann 30½, J. Miller 30½, I. Stanford 30, V. Richards 29, T. H. English 27, A. Pick 26½, G. Thornton 24.

Pleased to note that Bruce Hodgson, the Club's speediest swimmer, is again in action in the Pool. His first appearance for quite a time was marked by a splendid swim of 18 3/5 secs. for 40 yards, and even then he was only second in his heat.

Another of last season's members to break the ice was L. W. Coppleson, and this time he was let out a bit and landed a heat first up, placing third in the final. It was expected that he would be bellows to mend at the end of the 60 yards, but, to the surprise of the fans he outstayed a good stayer in Sammy Block and won going away in the heat.

Jack Pooley, too, got on to the board for the first time since the Annual Ball, and landed a close second in a 60 yards heat.

Five heats were necessary to swim off the last 60 yards handicap, and

that's by way of a record for the Club for that distance. We're thinking of putting on another 220 yards to give the stayers a go; they seem to like a bit of distance so much these days.

The new method of awarding points is working out very satisfactorily, and it gives a man a bit of a kick to gain eight points for winning a race, and the fellow who keeps on getting second in heats gets a good consolation of four points every time he does the job.

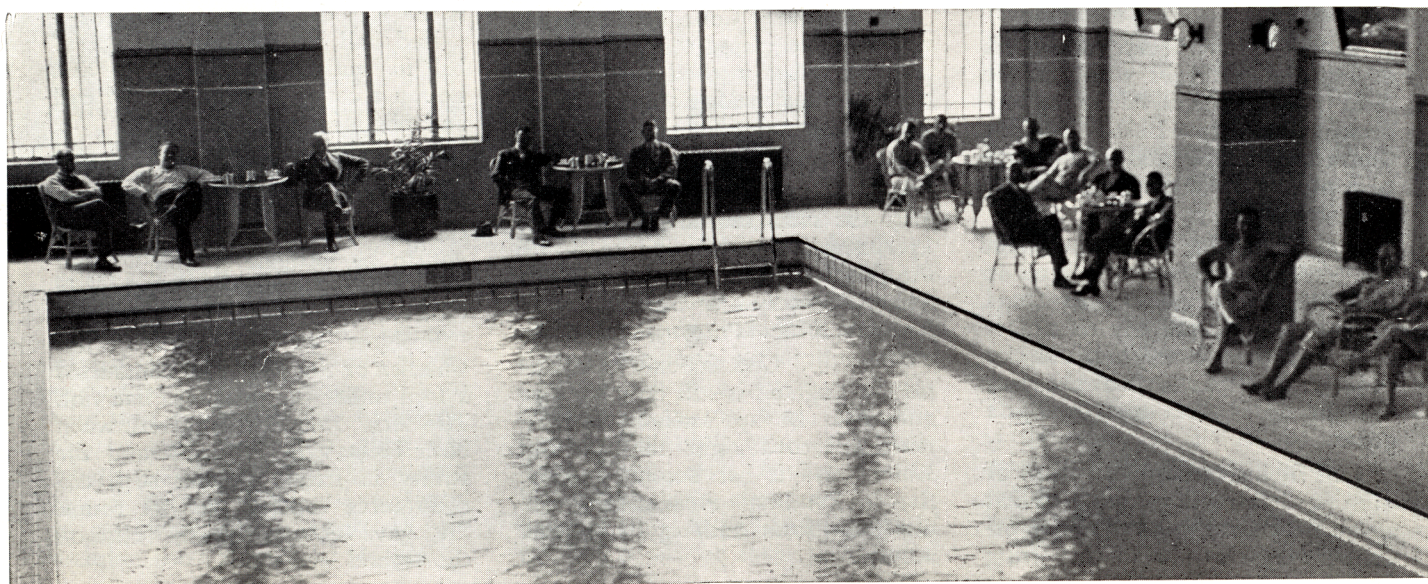
The best times put up during the past month have been:—40 yards: 18 3/5 secs., B. Hodgson; 21 secs., W. S. Edwards. 60 yards: 33 4/5 secs., V. Richards; 34 secs., J. Pooley; 36 2/5 secs., L. W. Coppleson.

Missing from the swimming races for a long time is "Pete" Hunter. His cheery personality is missed by members. We hope that he'll be right in the swim again soon.

Alec Richards' bad arm progresses slowly, but it looks as if it will be a long while before he risks a race. Still he's doing a good job in starting and timekeeping the races. Indeed, they say he can count to within a fifth of a second without a watch, he's had so much practice.

It is good to note that the Swimming Association's Interclub Contests are going along well. Despite

(Continued on Page 20.)



The Club Swimming Pool.

Billiards and Snooker

Members Watch the World Champion Preparing to Defend His Title
Intensive Practice Makes Perfection

As stated in last issue of the magazine, the world's championship will commence on February 7, when Clark McConachy, of New Zealand, will make his bid for supremacy against the present title holder, Walter Lindrum.

Added incentive to victory will be a side wager of £100 per player, and the amount stated has been lodged

of the red, and every known method of play is practiced and studied to the most minute point. In short, members have had demonstrated to them that to succeed in the highest circles it is essential that hour upon hour of intensive study is required allied to practical effort.

The foregoing just about marks the difference between amateur and professional standards.

New English Scheme Worth Following.

A new scheme inaugurated in England might, with advantage, be followed in Australia.

Tom Newman has been appointed to lecture and teach the art of

Horace Lindrum won his match well from Joe Davis, and in doing so made his fifteenth century break at the multi-ball game. But, it must be remembered, Davis is called upon to concede the Australian ten points per frame, and we cannot claim the double (billiards and snooker titles) just yet awhile.

Club 1938 Tournaments Portend Well.

The Club tournaments of 1938 portend well, and for that members are indebted to Walter Lindrum who, during his daily practices, has been pleased at all times to answer queries from lookers-on. It has been noteworthy that various members have interested themselves in grouping shots—making the next couple easier rather than trusting to good fortune.

The number of illustrations given by the champion and the rapt attention accorded have been sufficient to indicate increased interest and, may be, a higher standard than heretofore.

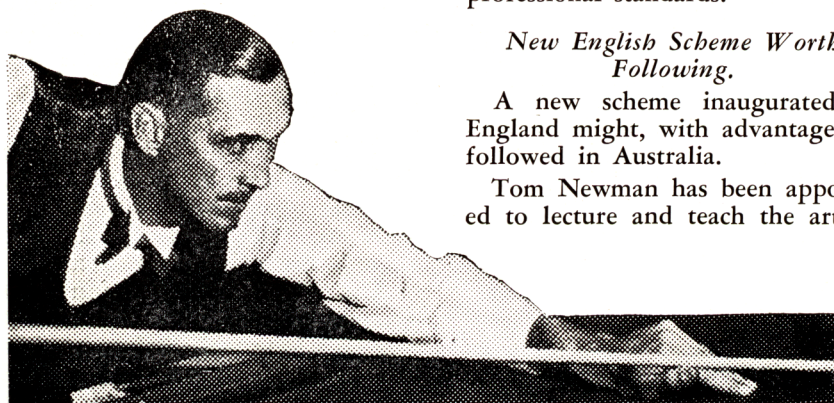
A Knotty Problem Solved.

During the month an interesting billiards query cropped up. It refers to the old question of a cuist giving two successive misses. This is the way the incident occurred:—

Red ball was on the spot, "B's" ball in baulk. It was "A's" shot and he ran a coup. "B" played red ball and obtained a double baulk.

"A" being in hand played a safe miss towards the top of the table. "B" hit the red ball along the cushion also for safety, and "A" not to be outdone played another "safe miss"—actually his second in succession.

Problem to be solved was whether or not "A" had committed a foul under the rules. He had not. The first "miss" was given when both balls were in baulk and the striker in hand. Under such circumstances "misses" do not count. "A" gave his first "official" miss on the second occasion.



Clark McConachy, of New Zealand, who has challenged Walter Lindrum for a match carrying the World's Billiard Title.

with Mr. Claude Spencer, well-known as a billiards scribe.

The match will be played at the Y.M.C.A. Hall, Pitt Street, and there will be two sessions daily for two weeks.

Members have been interested, during the past three weeks, in the solid practice indulged in by the present champion. He has used the Club's match table, and his methods have proved an object lesson for all who would learn.

There is nothing haphazard about Lindrum. What he sets out to do he achieves by perseverance and patience. Never at any time does he relax, when practicing, but, instead, every stroke is given the same thought as is the case during a game.

Runs of losing hazards. Runs of winning hazards; grouping shots; all-round cannons; screws; top-of-the-table systems; intensive potting

billiards to students of Great Public Schools. The idea has caught on well, and the appointment of others of the quidnuncs in similar capacity is anticipated.

At Reading College the headmaster has declared that billiards is proving a fine method for training the brain and making students think along progressive lines.

Billiards lovers will applaud the English idea, and one makes bold to state the same attitude, if adopted, in Australia would tend to uplift the game and place it on the plane where it deserves to be.

Snooker Still Attracting Attention.

The Gold Cup Snooker competition in England is still creating rapt attention. In fact, attendances have been a record right through the season, and it has become evident that a handicap even among the top-liners loses nothing by way of attraction.

The Scent of Fear

How Panic Takes Its Toll :: Condensed from "Esquire"

Fear, or panic caused by fear, is responsible for a large percentage of accidents, particularly those occurring in the great outdoors. Maybe one in a thousand people who have presumably starved to death while lost in the woods has actually died of either exposure or starvation. The rest died of *fear* that these things would happen to them. In most cases they have died in less than two weeks, and yet—how about that great coloured heavyweight fighter, Harry Wills, who still fasts for 31 days every March just because it makes him "feel so good"? Or how about Terence McSweeney, Lord Mayor of Cork, who held a hunger-strike fast for 75 days? These men were not *afraid* of starving. People who are lost in the woods think they are starving to death and so give up fighting, lose control of themselves and then the dread becomes a reality.

While deer-hunting one November at the age of 14 I lost myself in a swirling blizzard. Blindly I began to run as fast as I could in the direction I thought might be home. Finding a snowshoe trail of someone going the same way, I rushed along it until I came to a place where it joined another very faint trail. Two other men out in this unsettled wilderness ahead of me and going the same way I was? Impossible! I had been travelling in a circle! I dropped in the snow, overcome by sheer exhaustion and the horror of my predicament. As I lay gasping for breath, I remembered my father's warning: "Son, if you ever get lost, first thing to do is to sit down quietly and *know you're all right*. Then think over where your back trail is, in what direction you were headed when you started out and what you did as you went along. If it all comes back to you, start out quietly and backtrack. If it doesn't seem clear, then stay where you are and build a fire with lots of smoke. You will be found in plenty of time. Above all, remember there is nothing to fear."

It was snowing so hard that my hour-old trail was out of sight, and darkness was less than an hour away; so I spent the night where I was. With a spruce lean-to and a large fire, I had a very decent sleep, despite a below-zero temperature. There was no sun the next morning, but by placing the point of my knife blade on my thumb nail, I could see a faint shadow pointing, I knew at that time in the morning, to the north-west. Knowing my directions, it was not difficult to find my way home. If reason had not come to my rescue I could easily have become more and more panic-stricken until all sense left me. These woods were of dense spruce stretching 100 miles one way and 50 the other. Plenty of room to wander for weeks without finding the way to safety.

In any such predicament one need fear no animals either day or night. Except perhaps for the brown, polar and grizzly bears, I know of no animals in North America that will molest anyone unless molested first.

What sometimes causes trouble, however, is fear-scent. When an animal or human being is frightened, the body gives off a very strong odour that is exceedingly irritating to other animals. Almost any wilderness mother, when she hears or smells danger approaching, will quickly hide her young and run away, knowing that fear-scent will betray *her* hiding place, but not that of her babies, since they are too young to be afraid.

One warm spring day I was riding my pony, singing and talking to the 10 or 12 half-wolf sled dogs trotting alongside. Suddenly I looked down and my heart almost stopped beating. Without a sound I dived headlong out of the saddle right on top of a tiny fawn, gathered it up in my arms, and was back in the saddle before the wolf-dogs knew what had happened. Wolf-dogs have about as keen a sense of smell as any living animal; yet five or six of them had passed

within three feet of that fawn without scenting it. The fawn was too young to realise fear.

From many years of raising, training and racing sled dogs I learned that it is fear-scent which causes dogs to attack people who seemingly have not molested them. A dog will respond quickly both in friendship and in training when he is approached without fear, but no one can fool him for a minute with a fearless exterior concealing a quaking heart, for the fear-scent is there. It took almost a year for a dog-fearing French-Canadian friend of mine to become accustomed to Chico, my team leader; until Frank's fear-scent lessened. Chico chased him up the nearest tree daily.

I once visited a friend who had been given a young timber wolf for breeding purposes. "Can't seem to knock any sense into her head," he said. "You're welcome to her if you can handle her."

Asking him to leave me alone with the wolf for an hour, I worked myself into the mental condition where I not only had no fear of her but felt sorry for her, loved her and wanted her friendship. Then I sat down outside the cage and started singing softly to myself in a monotone. That is one of the best ways to lull fear and establish friendly relationship with any animal you wish to tame. In 10 minutes I stepped inside, humming all the time and seemingly paying no attention to the cringing animal whose burning, fear-filled eyes glared at me.

After half an hour of slow edging along the floor I put my hand in front of her nose, then over her head, then rubbed her just behind the ears. At my first touch she cringed and trembled, wrinkled her nose, but made no move to bite me. The fear glaze in her eyes gradually gave way to a look of doubt, then wonder, as understanding began to dawn. At last she allowed her head to rest on my knee. Her

(Continued on Page 20.)

Saving the Sawdust Ring

Mr. Bertram Mills and His Eighteen Circuses

(By Francis Douglas, from "The Field.")

One night in the winter of 1920, a party of men visited a London circus. One of them happened to be a director of Olympia; another was Mr. Bertram Mills. In those days the name of Mills meant nothing to the circus world, and indeed Mr. Mills was just then at some loss to know in what world he could make his name mean anything at all.

His was a common enough story. Prior to 1914, he owned a flourishing business in the carriage-building and harness trade. There was not much he did not know about show horses and their equipment; and in that pre-War England where the horse and carriage was still putting up a sturdy fight against the expensive and often explosive motor car, his future promised to be one of steady progress if, perhaps, unmarked by adventure.

Then came the War, and Mr. Mills' business was one of the early casualties. He took a commission and found himself in the Forage Department of the R.A.S.C., where he did his bit in sending overseas nearly two million tons of hay and straw each year. The War over, he examined the relics of his former business, wiped them off as a total loss, and spent the next year or so, like thousands more, in looking around, waiting for the next step in a halted career.

And those were his circumstances on that night in 1920 when, by chance, he accompanied his friends to the circus. He watched the show in silence. Afterwards, when the party adjourned for supper, he appeared deep in thought. Discussing the show, the others agreed that, as circuses went at that time, it was quite a passable exhibition. Whereupon Bertram Mills woke up, shook his head violently, banged his fist on the table, and said emphatically: "If I couldn't give London a better circus than that, I'd eat my hat."

His friend, the Olympia director, promptly took him up.

"That's a bet," he said, "book Olympia for next Christmas and let's see what you can do."

He went home and told his wife—a lady of charm and immense philosophy. "Very well, dear," she said with a sigh; "but remember we haven't much money left—don't lose the lot."

But losing the lot was precisely what he seemed certain to do in the following months.

When a friend suggested that, to save time and gain experience, he might import a big American circus for his first season, Mr. Mills jumped at the idea. And all went well until July, when a cable from the American circus announced that owing to insuperable transport difficulties, it would be impossible for it to cross the Atlantic.

Awkward. Undeniably awkward. Less than six months to go, and Mr. Mills found himself back in the position he was on the night of the supper party. Not a single act booked; not a ghost of an organisation; not a single roundabout or coconut shy engaged for the fun fair. A less dogged character might well have cried off, appealed for a release from his contract.

Not so Bertram Mills. From the end of July until Christmas he worked twenty hours a day. He caught the first boat to the Continent and from there to America. He visited 38 circuses, booking the best acts as he went along. Ex-enemy artistes were still barred in this country, but by the time he returned to England he had a full programme of contracts in his pocket of artistes from allied or neutral countries—French and Belgian clowns, French and Swedish horses, Californian seals, Japanese acrobats, Italian jockeys, Shetland ponies and our own Sanger's elephants.

Swiftly he set to work to build a huge organisation of helpers. He made a rule to engage only those

who were new to circus work. Old hands told him he was mad; he replied that he wanted men and women with a fresh outlook. He aimed to present a circus which, while retaining the old glamour, would be infused with a new spirit, the slick machine-gun tempo of the age.

He engaged 2,000 men to convert the empty shell of Olympia into a circus and fun fair; to erect seats for 6,000 people; to build and equip stables for 70 horses; to erect the multi-coloured Big Top; to lay down a mile of sideshows.

He organised and directed a large office staff; brought in his two sons straight from the University and loaded them with responsible tasks; he flung himself into the rising tide of detail that threatened to swamp him as the date of opening approached—arranging advertising, transport and lodgings for the artistes, tickets and box office organisation, testing seating for L.C.C. regulations, arranging permits for foreign artistes, letting the side shows, installing special lighting, and recruiting dozens of grooms, stable hands, programme girls, cleaners, box office staff and others.

The dress rehearsal arrived. Everything went wrong. And instead of lasting two-and-a-half hours, the tragic business dragged on for four.

Bertram Mills went through the programme, cutting here, building up there, re-arranging numbers, speeding up throughout in an attempt to pull off a gamble in which his own stakes were not less than £100,000. The first performance was a huge success. Before five weeks' run he had paid off every debt.

Bertram Mills' influence on the English circus has been extraordinary. Gone are the days of dirt, ill-nourished artists and woe-begone animals.

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SERIES No. 19



WILLIAM COX.

COX AND THE WESTERN ROAD.

IT took almost twenty-five years to discover so much as a passage across the Blue Mountains, so that it may well be imagined what a feat of road-making it called for to build a road across the range, the more so when it is remembered that at that time only the most primitive of equipment was available, and no highly skilled labour. The story of the building of this road is one of the outstanding romances of our history.

With the discovery of a route across the Mountains, and its survey by Evans, came the need for a road. Governor Macquarie sought for a man capable of undertaking the task of supervising the work. He was fortunate in selecting William Cox, of Clarendon near Windsor. There are few finer characters in Australian history than William Cox. He was a man widely known and respected, admired alike by free settlers and convicts, most humane in his dealings with convicts, scrupulously honest, and exceedingly dependable. Cox was very deeply interested in the development of this State, and willingly agreed to undertake the building of the road. It was agreed upon that Cox should be given the services of thirty convicts (who were to receive their liberty upon the satisfactory completion of the road) and eight soldiers to guard them and to serve as protection from the aborigines. The road to be built had to be at least twelve feet wide.

IN his journal, under date of July 7, 1814, Cox unemotionally records that: "After holding conversation with his Excellency the Governor, at Sydney, relative to the expedition, I took leave of him this day." And then, on the 18th, the great work began, for Cox wrote: "At daylight, gave out the tools to handle and put in order. Issued half a week's provisions to the whole party. Began work at 10 a.m. to make a pass across the Nepean River; the banks being very steep on the east side. In the afternoon issued workmen a suit of slops, and a blanket to each man (thirty in number). . . . Wrote to his Excellency the Governor for additional bullocks and some small articles of tools. Weather fine, clear, and frosty." So began that great work. It was comparatively easy going until the actual mountains were reached, after which every day brought added difficulties. On August 5 Cox made an entry in his journal which serves to give some idea of the difficulties that had to be contended with: "Timber both thick and heavy, with a thick, strong brush, the roots of which are very hard to grub up, making it altogether extremely hard work." It must be remembered, too, that there were great barriers of rock to be overcome, with creeks and gorges to be bridged. Nevertheless, we find that a month after the work began thirteen miles of road had been made.

BAD weather and sickness had to be contended with, and hampered the work considerably. On October 31 they came in sight of the plains, and had to find a pass down the mountain. Cox selected a pass down Mount York and succeeded in building his road down it, but with so steep a grade that it could only be ascended by empty vehicles. It was Cox's suggestion that sheep could be driven to the top of the mount before being shorn! Despite this steepness, Cox's Pass had to serve for some years. On January 21, 1815, the road was completed to where Bathurst is now built. A most remarkable feat, to build 101½ miles of road through such country in but a few days more than six months—and with only thirty men engaged on the work!

TAKE YOUR PROFITS FROM DEFEAT

(Continued from Page 7.)

defeats. There might be merit in this method if it were psychologically possible to amputate unpleasant memories. But it isn't. All you can do is repress them. Experiences thus buried throw off emotional poisons, fears, depressions, hatreds, anti-social feelings. They cause not only mental disorders but physical sicknesses. And instead of bolstering up your self-confidence, such a complex will in time destroy it completely.

If the shock of an imagined failure has numbed you for the moment so that you cannot think clearly, go out on a party, chop down a tree, punch a heavy bag; do something violent and unusual. Then sleep for a while. When you wake up you will find that your brain is thinking hard and fast. Now is the time to spot your profits and make your comeback. Note particularly the false values, the silly, futile desires which this temporary setback has stripped away. Then set your fundamental desires to work, free from the encumbrances which defeat has revealed to you. For this profit alone, defeat is worth while. Put all your resentment into a thrust towards your goal. If defeat releases inside of you an unbeatable dominance, nothing can keep you from success on your next attempt.

POOL SPLASHES

(Continued from Page 15.)

the obvious difficulties associated with crowded baths those who are running the show are doing a good job and deserve a great deal of commendation.

It all goes to show how successful such a series would be if there were a few more pools like ours round the city. Undoubtedly, if such were the case, the Interclub series would be the biggest thing of the season.

In America, the Interclub meets in the club pools are the most popular affairs in the swimming world, and so they would be here.

Results.

January 6th.—80 Yards Brace Relay Handicap: I. Stanford and G. Brown (57) 1, J. Miller and C. Godhard (51) 2, A. Pick and G. Goldie (61) 3. Time, 54 secs.

January 13th.—60 Yards Handicap: I. Stanford (50) and J. Miller (46), Tie, 1; L. W. Coppleson (38) 3, N. Barrell (41) 4, G. A. Dougall (40) 5. Time, 47 $\frac{3}{5}$ and 43 $\frac{3}{5}$ secs.

January 20th.—40 Yards Handicap: 1st Heat: I. Stanford (30) 1, G. Goldie (34) 2, A. S. Block (25) 3. Time, 28 $\frac{2}{5}$ secs. 2nd Heat: C. D. Tarrant (24) 1, C. Godhard (23) 2, G. A. Dougall (24) 3. Time, 24 secs. 3rd Heat: N. Barrell (26) 1, B. Hodgson (20) 2, J. Miller (28) 3. Time, 24 $\frac{2}{5}$ secs. 4th Heat: W. Ford (25) 1, W. S. Edwards (21) 2, G. Curtis (28) 3. Time, 24 secs. Result of final will be published next issue.

THE SCENT OF FEAR

(Continued from Page 17.)

eyes closed as, with an almost human sigh, she relaxed her body against mine.

That night I travelled over 150 miles with the wolf sitting on the floor of the car. She wore no muzzle, nor was there any need for one. A few weeks later she was sleeping across the foot of my bed at night. All this would have been utterly impossible if, at any time, my voice or manner had showed one iota of fear or if I had entertained any thought that would cause fear-scent.

It is usually the *fear* that a canoe will tip over that causes the occupant to move suddenly in the wrong direction and thereby upset it. The fear of drowning, when suddenly thrown into the water causes one to struggle frantically, and, incidentally, force himself under. It is an interesting scientific fact that a baby, until 24 hours old, can swim. Beyond that age it starts to realise fear, and will sink. Fear is really the mental hazard of "crossing your bridges before you come to them." The realisation of this fact will cause fear to be conquered and disappear.

December-January Point Score.—

With one race to complete it, the leaders in this series are: J. Miller 21½, G. Goldie 16, I. Stanford 15½, C. Godhard 15, N. P. Murphy 15, A. S. Block 13, C. D. Tarrant 11, J. Dexter 11, S. Carroll 9, N. Barrell 9, A. Pick 9, W. S. Edwards 8, G. Brown 8.



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